

Slow Poison by hitokiri

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Summary:

Billy only uses Steve's body as a means to an end, until he sees firsthand what Steve goes through when he goes to sleep at night.

Slow Poison

Author's Note:

Please don't hate me for how bad this is.

I do not own Stranger Things.

Billy didn't understand the meaning of night terrors until he witnessed one firsthand.

Their arrangement wasn't normal, but it wasn't out of the ordinary either. They got together any place where no one would be around -- the darkest part of the alley between the school and gymnasium, the backseat of the Camaro or the BMW parked out in the woods, Harrington's house when his parents were away -- and Billy would corner Harrington, pin him against the closest surface to make sure he didn't get away if he even thought about it. He'd have his way with him until they were both satisfied, Harrington fucked and sated, Billy feeling alive and content. It was fine.

Until it wasn't.

It was more for convenience, their arrangement. Billy had no semblance of control in his life while under the same roof as his father. He'd been criticised his whole life for being a "fag" before he even knew what that was. He likes both men and women; he can appreciate something beautiful, but he was taught from a young age that calling a boy "pretty" is "wrong" and "gay," so he keeps it to himself for the most part. Harrington, though, *is* pretty. He's a non-conventional sort of pretty. Pretty in the way that isn't strictly masculine or feminine. He's got an angular face like a man, but he styles his hair like a woman, is soft like a woman, and damn submissive like one, too. It drives Billy wild.

Harrington told him once that once they started whatever it is that they started, his nightmares lessened. He told Billy that it was helping him. At the time, Billy didn't actually care; Harrington was something warm, attractive, and easy to get off to. There was no meaning to what they had. It was senseless fucking. Billy would

never stay; he'd zip up his pants, light a cigarette, and peel out of the driveway buzzing with content. It never once occurred to him to maybe make sure Harrington was alright afterwards, too.

It stayed that way for months -- fuck, get off, leave -- and they never tired of it.

Until one night, Billy took his time with Harrington. He didn't want to go home after the fight he'd had with his father -- his stomach was still tender from the punch he'd gotten -- he was just hoping for at least one extra hour before he snuck in his bedroom window. He wasn't intending on being soft. He's not a pussy. But he knew from experience that if he fucked Harrington the way he normally did he'd finish quick again, jack the pretty boy beneath him off real quick, and then leave, just like normal. He didn't *want* to leave; he had nowhere to go.

Except Harrington moaned louder than he ever had before as Billy fingered him open with first one, then two, and then three fingers, gently stretching him for Billy's dick. Harrington writhed beneath him, fingers gripping the sheets under him so tight his knuckles turned white. Billy watched in utter awe as Harrington begged him for more, rolling his hips, spreading his legs wider. Fuck, it was the hottest thing Billy had ever seen, and he came from California where all the gorgeous women are in bikinis and skimpy clothes, long, tan legs for miles.

Harrington beat all that with a single roll of his hips.

It was the fastest Billy had ever come before. It was like Harrington was tighter, even more than he was when Billy first fucked him. Like they were meant to have sex that way, where Billy takes his time to take him apart piece by piece, and put him back together again. It felt like it lasted forever.

And when Harrington fell asleep before Billy could zip up his pants and get out of there with those sad eyes watching his back, he knew he was fucked.

He sat watching Harrington's sleeping face for longer than he intended. He watched as the flush faded from his cheeks and his

breathing evened out to that of sleep, as his skin paled in the moonlight. Billy wasn't one for sentimentality, but he could appreciate someone as beautiful as Steve Harrington. He could appreciate the softness, the gentle way he moved.

It wasn't until after midnight that Billy realized he spent over an hour staring at Harrington in the light of the moon. He cursed under his breath, grabbed his leather jacket from where it rested on the back of Harrington's computer chair, and made to slip out of the bedroom. The kid's parents were never home, Billy realized after awhile, and although he wished for that kind of decency, he knew from the many nights he spent fucking him raw that Harrington was lonely. He could tell in the way those long, pale legs would squeeze around Billy's hips, pull him tighter against him, deeper inside him, as if to never let go. He knew from the look Harrington gave him as he walked out the door.

He knew he wasn't doing him any favors by leaving him fucked out and alone, but he also wouldn't be doing him any favors by staying with him, either.

Billy was slipping an unlit cigarette in his mouth and pulling the door closed when he heard it:

A whimper, quiet but desperate, reached Billy's ears. Rustling of bedsheets.

Billy opened the door again and looked inside. Harrington was writhing on the bed, whines and whimpers of agony wrenching themselves from his lips, cries of *no, please no* getting louder in the otherwise quiet room. They echoed off the walls and hit Billy like a wave of cold wind, taking his breath. Chills ran down his spine as he stepped closer and watched as Steve Harrington fell apart in front of him, crying in the moonlight, but asleep.

Without thinking, he pressed a large palm against Harrington's arm, hoping to quell the shaking, to get him to stop writhing. The boy's skin was cold to the touch, but covered in sweat. Clammy, like he was running a fever, but it was the complete opposite; he was in a cold sweat and it was something Billy had never seen before.

Bits and pieces of intelligible words left Harrington's mouth, but Billy couldn't piece together what they meant, or what exactly was tormenting him.

Stay away from them-

Take me instead-

Don't hurt-

Please-

Harrington sits up with a scream, startling Billy, sending him careening backwards, where he stumbles and trips over Harrington's clothes he'd so ungently discarded when he took him earlier. He looks up to see that Harrington's eyes are open but unseeing as he pants, tears streaming down his completely pale face. Billy suspects the moonlight has nothing to do with the boy's paleness now. It looks like all the blood has drained itself from Harrington's body and left just a shell of who he once was; those rosy cheeks that Billy took pride in were deathly white. Harrington is panting, teartracks drying on his cold cheeks while Billy looks on in horror. He can't tell which one of them is shaking, but he thinks it might be both of them.

"Harrington," he tests, a waver to his voice he's not proud of. "Harrington, you awake?"

There's no response, but Billy wasn't exactly expecting one. Harrington is practically catatonic on his bed, sitting up but otherwise dead to the world.

Billy manages to get himself up from the floor and crosses the room back over to the trembling boy on the bed. There's no life to those brown eyes Billy thought were so beautiful, nothing showing back at him as he looks directly into them. No response, not even a blink, when Billy waves a hand in front of his face. He can't call an ambulance... he's not supposed to be here. He's supposed to be in bed. Ambulance means cops, cops mean Neil, Neil means another beatdown for sneaking out. Billy is so emotionally drained from this one experience that he doesn't think he can handle getting the shit kicked out of him by his father again. He needs to snap Harrington

out of this *now*.

He can't leave him like this because his mark is all over Harrington's body, his prints all over the room, the doorknob, his come dried on the kid's thighs for fuck's sake. If he doesn't wake him up now, Billy will go down for rape, and they both know that Harrington wanted it. Harrington begs so pretty, pulls Billy so much tighter. But being a fag is a crime in a hick town like Hawkins, Indiana. It's not as acceptable as it was in California, which was the exact reason Neil moved them all here: so Billy wouldn't fucking fit in.

He can't be caught for something like this.

"Harrington," he says again, voice no longer shaking. He sufficiently calmed himself down enough to take charge again. "*Harrington*." He places a warm hand on Harrington's cold cheek, and that does something. It doesn't wake him up, but he gasps and leans against the warmth. Billy keeps his hand there, lets Harrington know he's not alone, that Billy won't leave him like this, cold and desperate for touch. He doesn't realize how touch-starved the kid has been until those dead brown eyes close and his breathing evens out, almost as if he's asleep again.

Billy takes a chance and lifts his other hand, placing it on Harrington's other cheek. Something must break inside Harrington then, because his eyes open finally, full of life and fear, and stare right into Billy's own. He lets out a shaky breath and says, "Thanks, Billy," like they're on a first name basis, like he's been calling Billy that all along.

He watches as a shiver runs up Harrington's spine, but feels as the warmth seeps back into his body like a fever. Billy doesn't dare move his hands, and he doesn't once break eye contact. He lets Harrington have this because it's something they both need, and when Harrington finally calms down enough, when his body is finally no longer frozen in fear, do they move away. But Billy does something he never has done before. He helps Harrington lie back down, and then gets behind him. He keeps his arms around the slighter boy until he falls asleep to Billy's hands running up and down his arms.

It's unspoken after that that Billy won't leave him alone again until

he's sound asleep and ready to be left alone. He tells himself that it's something they'll talk about eventually.

With one final look at Harrington, Billy leaves, his body slow and sluggish like he's weighed down by lead.

Author's Note:

Please be nice. ;_;